

## TABERNACLE PULPIT.

### DR. TALMAGE PAYS HIS RESPECTS TO POLITICIANS.

Democrat and Republican Alike Equal in Christian Virtues About This Time Every Year.—A Political House Cleaning Needed.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 3.—In his sermon this forenoon Rev. Dr. Talmage touched on a topic which is just now uppermost, while the agitation in political circles is raging in all parts of the land. The sermon is pertinent and useful, and is based on the text: Acts, xix, 38. "Some therefore cried one thing and some another, for the assembly was confused and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together. And they drew Alexander out of the multitude, the Jews putting him forward. And Alexander beckoned with the hand and would have made his defense unto the people. But when they knew that he was a Jew all with one voice about the space of two hours cried out, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!'"

Ephesus was upside down. It was about the silver question. A manufacturer of silver boxes for holding heathen images had called his laborers together to discuss the behavior of one Paul, who had been in public places a-saunting image worship, and consequently very much damaging that particular business. There was great excitement in the city. People stood in knots along the streets, violently gesticulating and calling each other hard names. Some of the people favored the policy of the silver-smith; other people favored the policy of Paul. There were great moral questions involved; but these did not bother them at all. The only question about which they seemed to be interested was concerning the wages and the salaries positions. The silver-smith and his compeers had put up factories at great expense for the making of these silver boxes, and now, if this new policy is to be inaugurated, the business will go down, the laborers will be thrown out of employment, and the whole city will suffer. Well, what is to be done? "Call a convention," says some one; for in all ages a convention has been a panacea for public evils. The convention is called, and, as they want the largest room in the city, they take the theater. Having there assembled, they all want to get the floor, and they all want to talk at once. You know what excitement that always makes in a convention, where a great many people want to talk at once. Some cried one thing, some cried another. Some wanted to denounce, some wanted to resolve. After a while a prominent man gets the floor, and he begins to speak; but they very soon hiss him down, and then the confusion rises into worse uproar, and they begin to shout, all of them together, and they keep on until they are red in face and hoarse in the throat, for two long hours crying out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians! Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" The whole scene reminds me of the excitement we have almost every autumn at the elections. While that goddess, Diana, has lost her worshippers, and her temples have gone into the dust, our American people want to set up a god in place of it, and they want us all to bow down before it; and that god is political party. Considering our superior civilization, I have to declare to you that the Ephesian idolatry was less offensive in the sight of God than is this all-absorbing American partisanship.

While there are honest men, true men, Christian men, who stand in both political parties, and who come into the autumnal elections resolving to serve their city or their state or the nation in the best possible way, I have noticed also that with many it is a mere contest between the ins and the outs—those who are trying to stay in and keep the outs out, and those who are out trying to get in and thrust the ins out. And one party cries, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and the other party cries, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" neither of them honest enough to say, "Great is my pocketbook!"

Once or twice a year it is my custom to talk to the people about public affairs from what I call a Christian standpoint, and this morning I have chosen for that duty. I hope to say a practical word. History tells us of a sermon once preached amidst the Highlands of Scotland—a sermon two hours long—on the sin of luxury, where there were not more than three pairs of shoes in the audience; and during our last war a good man went into a hospital distributing tracts, and gave a tract on "The Sin of Dancing" to a man both of whose legs had been amputated! But I hope this morning to present an appropriate and adapted word, as next Tuesday, at the ballot box, great affairs are to be settled. Rev. Dr. Emmons, in the early history of our country, in Massachusetts, preached about the election of Thomas Jefferson to the Presidency. Rev. Dr. Mayhew of Boston, in early days of our republic, preached about the repeal of the stamp act. There are times when ministers of Christ must look off upon public affairs and discuss them. We need go back to no example. Every man is, before God, responsible for his own duty. If the Norwegian boasts of his home of rocks, and the Siberian of his land of perpetual snow; if the Roman thought that the muddy Tiber was the favor-d river in the sight of heaven, and if the Laplander shivers out his eulogy of his native climate, and if the Chinese have pity for anybody born outside the "sacred kingdom," shall not we, born under these fair skies, and standing day by day amidst these glorious civil and religious liberties, be public spectators? I propose to tell the people very plainly what I consider to be their Christian duty at the ballot box.

First, set yourself against all political falsehood. The most monstrous lies ever told in this country are during the elections. I stop at the door of a democratic meeting and listen and hear that the republicans are liars. I stop at the door of a republican meeting and listen, and hear that the democrats are scoundrels. Our public men microscopized and the truth distorted. Who believes a tenth part of what he reads or hears in the autumnal elections? Men who at other seasons of the year are very careful in their speech become peddlers of scandal.

In the far east there is a place where, once a year, they let the people do as they please and say what they please, and the place is full of uproar, misrule and wickedness, and they call it the "Devil's day." The nearest approximation to that in this country has been the first Tuesday in November. The community at such times seems to say, "Go to, now; let us have a good time at lying." Prominent candidates for office are denounced as unprincipled and renegade. A smart lie will start in the corner of a country newspaper, and keep on running until it has captured the printing presses of the whole continent. What garbling of speeches! What misrepresentation of motives! What misrepresentation of individual antecedents. The trouble is that we have in this country two great manufacturing-factories of lies—the republican manufactory of lies and the democratic manufactory of lies—and they are run day and night, and they turn out half a dozen a day all equipped and ready for full sailing. Large lies and small lies. Lies private and lies public and lies prudent. Lies out bias and lies out diagonal. Long-limbed lies and lies with double-back action. Lies complimentary and lies defamatory. Lies that some people believe, and lies that nobody believes. Lies with humps like camels and scales like crocodiles and necks as long as storks, and feet as swift as an antelope, and stings like adders. Lies raw and scalded and panned and stewed. Crawling lies and jumping lies and soaring lies. Lies with attachment screws and rufflers and braiders and ready-wound bobbins. Lies by Christian people who never lie except during elections, and lies by people who always lie, but beat themselves in a political campaign.

I confess I am ashamed to have a foreigner visit this country in these times. I should think he would stand dazed, and dare not go out nights! What will the hundreds of thousands of foreigners who come here to live think of us? What a disgust they must have for the land of their adoption! The only good thing about it is that many of them can not understand the English language. But I suppose the German, and Italian, and Swedish, and French papers translate it all, and peddle out the infernal stuff to their subscribers.

Nothing but Christianity will ever stop such a flood of indecency. The Christian religion will speak after a while. The billingsgate and low scandal through which we wade almost every autumn must be rebuked by that religion which speaks from its two great mountains, from the one mountain intoning the command, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," and from the other mount making plea for kindness and love and blessing rather than cursing. O, Christian men! frown upon political falsehood! Remember that a political lie is as black as any other kind of a lie. God has recorded all the falsehoods that have been told at the city, state or national elections since the foundation of this government; and, though the perpetrators and their victims may have gone into the dust, in the last day judgment will be awarded. The falsehoods that Aaron Burr breathed into the ear of Blennerhasset, the slanders that Lieutenant-General Gage proclaimed about George Washington, the misrepresentations in regard to James Monroe, are as fresh on God's book to day as the lies that were printed last week about our local candidates. "And all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death."

Again, I counsel you as Christian men to set yourselves against the misuse of money in political campaigns. Of the thousands of dollars already spent this autumn, how much of the amount do you suppose has been properly used? You have a right to spend money for the publishing of political tracts, for the establishment of organizations for the carrying out of what you consider to be the best; you have a right to appeal to the reason of men by arguments and statistics and by facts. Printing and renting of public halls and political meetings cost money, but he who puts a bribe into the hand of a voter, or plies weak men with mercenary and corrupt motives, commits a sin against God and the nation. Bribery is one of the most appalling sins of this country. God says, "Fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery." Have nothing to do with such a sin, O Christian man! Fling it from the ballot box. Hand over to the police the man who attempts to tamper with your vote, and remember that elections that can not be carried without bribes ought never to be carried at all. Again I ask you as Christian men to set yourselves against the dissipation that hovers over the ballot box. Let me say that no man can afford to go into political life who is not a teetotaler. Hot political discussion somehow creates an unnatural thirst, and hundreds of thousands of men have gone down into drunkenness through political life. After an exciting canvass through the evening you must "take something;" and rising in the morning with less animation than usual, you must "take something;" and going off among your comrades through the forenoon, you must political friends, and you must

"take something;" and in the afternoon you must other political friends, and you must "take something;" and before night has come something has taken you. There are but few cases where men have been able to stand up against the dissipation of political life. Joseph was a politician, but he maintained his integrity. Daniel was a politician, but he was a teetotaler to the last. Abraham was a politician, but he was always characterized as the father of the faithful. Moses was a politician, the grandest of them; but he honored God more than he did the Pharaohs. And there are hundreds of Pharaohs now in the political parties, maintaining their integrity, even when they are obliged to stand amidst the biased, lecherous, and loathsome crew that sometimes surround the ballot box; these Christian men doing their political duty, and then coming back to the prayer-meetings and Christian circles as pure as when they went out. But that is not the ordinary circumstance; that is the exception. How often you see men coming back from the political conflict, and their eye is glazed and their cheek has an unnatural flush, and they talk louder than they usually do and at the least provocation they will bet, and you say they are convivial, or they are exceedingly vivacious, or you apply some other sweet name to them; but God knows they are drunk! Some of you a month or six weeks ago had no more religion than you ought to have, and after the elections are over, to calculate how much religion you have left will be a sum in vulgar fractions. Oh, the pressure is tremendous!

How many mighty intellects have gone down under the dissipation of politics! I think of one who came from the west. He was able to stand out against the whole American senate. God had given him faculties enough to govern a kingdom, or to frame a constitution. His voice was terrible to his country's enemies and a mighty inspiration in the day of national peril. But twenty glasses of strong drink a day were his usual allowance, and he went down into the habits of a confirmed inebriate. Alas for him! Though a costly monument has been reared over his resting place, the young men of this country, shall not be denied the awful lesson that the agency by which the world was robbed of one of its mightiest intellects, and our country of one of its ablest constitutional defenders, was the dissipation of political life. You want to know who I mean? Young man, ask your father when you get home. The adverse tide is fearful, and I warn you against it!

You need not go far off to find the worn-out politician. Here he is stumbling along the highway, his limbs hardly able to hold him up. Bent over and pale with exhausting sickness. Surly to anybody who accosts him. His last decent article of apparel pawned for strong drink. Glad if, when going by a grocery, some low acquaintance invites him in to take a sip of ale, and then wiping his lip with his greasy sleeve. Kicked off the steps by men who once were proud to be his constituents. Manhood obliterated. Lip blistered with a curse. Scars of brutal assault on cheek and brow. Foul mouthed. A coughing, staggering, wheezing wretch. No friends. No God. No hope. No heaven. That is your worn-out politician. That is what some of you will become unless by this morning's warning, and the mercy of God, your steps are arrested. Oh, there are no words enough potent, enough portentous, enough consuming, enough damning, to describe the horrible drunkenness that has rolled over this land, and that has bent down the necks of some of the mightiest intellects, until they have been compelled to drink out of the trough of bestiality and atomization! I warn young men against political life, unless they are teetotalers and consecrated, Christian men.

Again, I counsel you that, when you go to the ballot box at the city or the state or the national elections, you recognize God, and appeal to him for his blessing. There is a power higher than the ballot box, than the gubernatorial chair, than the Presidential white house. It is high time that we put less confidence in political platforms and more confidence in God. Set what a weak thing is human foresight. How little our wise men seem to know! See how, every autumn, thousands of men who are clambering up for higher positions are turned under. God upsets them. Every man, every party, every nation, has a mission to perform. Failing to perform it, down he goes.

God said to the House of Bourbon, "Remodel France, and establish equity." House of Bourbon would not do it. Down it went. God said to the House of Stuart, "Make the English people free, God-fearing, and happy." House of Stuart would not do it. Down it went. God says to the political parties in this day, "By the principles of Christianity remodel, govern, educate, save the people." Failing to do that, down they go, burying in their ruins their disciples and advocates. God can spare all the political intriguers of this day, and can raise up another generation who shall do justice and love mercy. If God could spare Luther before the Reformation was done; and if he could spare Washington before free government had been fully tested; and if he could spare Howard before more than one out of a thousand dungeons had been alleviated; and if he could spare Robert M'Chesney just as Scotland was gathering to his burning utterances; and if he could spare Thomas Clarkson while yet millions of his fellow-men had chains rusting to the bone—then he can spare any man, and he can spare any party. That man who, through cowardice or blind idolatry of party, forsakes the cause of righteousness, goes down, and the armed host of God march over him.

A Christian man! take out your bible this afternoon, and in the light of that word make up your mind as to what is your duty as citizen. Remember that the highest kind of a patriot is a Christian patriot. Consecrate yourselves first to God, then you will know how to consecrate yourselves to your country. All these political excitements will be gone. Ballot boxes and gubernatorial chairs and continents will smoke in the final conflagration; but those who love God and do their best shall come to luminous dominion after the stars have ceased their shining and the ocean has heaved its last billow, and the closing thunder of the judgment day shall toll at the funeral of a world! Oh, prepare for that day! Next Tuesday questions of the state will be settled; but there comes a day when the questions of eternity will be decided. You may vote right, and get the victory at the ballot box, and yet suffer eternal defeat. After you have cast your last vote, where will you go to? In this country there are two parties. You belong to the one or the other of them. Likewise in eternity there will be two parties and only two. "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." To which party will you belong? God grant that, while you look after the welfare of the land in which God has graciously cast your lot, you may not forget to look after your soul—blood bought, judgment-bound, immortal! God save the people!

### A BRIDAL COUPLE.

Friends Who Make Life Miserable for Young Married Folks.

The writer was at a Maine railroad station the other day when a groom led his bride to the car steps. He was the worst persecuted man that we have seen this year. First of all some nefarious villain had tied white ribbons and disreputable old shoes all over the trunk. That should be a penal offense of itself. Then as the bridal couple walked toward the train a band of conspirators charged down and opened a rice battery. The groom was speedily dripping with rice, while the bride's veil sagged with it. The ornamentation of her cloak caught the tiny kernels and held them so severely that she was whited. She lost her self-possession, ducked her head and stood silently waiting a cessation of hostilities. The groom was a practical exemplification of all that the civilizing influences of this fin de siecle age can do for a man. You could see the savagery of ancient days lurking in his eyes; you could see by the convulsions of his face and the twitching of his muscles that his every impulse prompted him to leap upon his persecutors, rend their limbs and scatter them. If it had been in days of old there would have been a series of horrible murders, the groom would have seized his bride, and would either have climbed a tree—our forefathers used to do that—or would have hied away to his fastness. The crowd laughed on, ignorant of the danger that they courted. One shrill-voiced miss screamed, "Don't be so sulky Will," and she let him have a double handful of stinging rice kernels. The groom clinched his teeth a little closer, turned, left his bride and walked into the car. Why not have this wicked persecution relegated to the garret along with the thumb-screws and iron virgin? It's fun for the crowd, but isn't it about time to have a care for the frogs.

### A PEN NAME.

Gath's Peculiar Nom de Plume and Its Unique Meaning.

About everybody in the newspaper reading world knows about "Gath," but it is doubtful if more than a few people know the significance of the nom de plume. Professor Roth, having in charge the Catholic educational exhibit of Philadelphia at the Columbian exposition, let the cat out of the bag.

The feline escape was made during the time the congress of librarians were holding sessions. George Alfred Townsend has a daughter who is most interested in educational matters, and she was in attendance at the meetings, and was, of course, taking in the fair. Among a lot of other people she was one day introduced to Professor Roth.

"Glad to know you," said the genial old Irishman heartily. "I am particularly glad to know you, as I know your father so well. I have known him for a long time. I am delighted to make the acquaintance of his daughter."

In the general talk the question of how Mr. Townsend came to choose the title of Gath arose. The daughter being appealed to declared she had no idea how her father decided on such a nom de plume.

"Why, it is simple enough," exclaimed Prof. Roth, looking at the journalist's daughter with a quiet chuckle. "There is a 'G' you see; that stands for 'George.' Then there is 'A' for 'Alfred,' and the 'T' is for 'Townsend' of course."

"But the 'H'?" said the group in chorus, as the professor hesitated; "what is the 'H' for?"

"Why, that represents where he is going for the lies he has told," said the professor.

Signed by Groves.  
WASHINGTON, Nov. 6.—The President has signed the Chinese bill amending the Geary act.

Miss Quidness—Do you think that genius is hereditary? Praxiteles—No—I can't tell; I have as yet no children.

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It was the old bachelor who said that he never read the women's corner in his paper, although he was something of a women scouter himself.

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Headache; obstruction of nose; discharges falling into throat; eyes weak; ringing in ears; offensive breath; small and taste impaired, and general debility—these are some of the symptoms of Catarrh. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has cured thousands of the worst cases,—will cure you.

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